

THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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TITUS THE GARDENER;

OR, THE DEMON GOOSEBERRY.

BEING in my own person a great patron of all institutions calculated to promote learning and science of any kind, I some years ago became a subscriber to the great Hammaway Horticultural Society,—a society, which, as appears by its title, has for its object the improvement of the various breeds of apples, quinces, and pot-herbs.

In this situation it has been my good fortune to encounter, face to face, many of those ingenious fellows, who, through the medium of societies like ours, render themselves notorious, and obtain a great name in the world by growing prodigious Titan-like cabbages and gooseberries.

Now I consider it a certain sign of great personal merit to be able to produce such large vegetables and berries, according to the well-known saying, that every man is known by his fruit. The grower of the finest specimens of any kind is therefore the most superlative genius, and that is the reason we always reward such by medals and copper tea-kettles; it being expedient that the genius of science and arts should patronise her votaries by rewards. At the same time, entertaining a strong belief in phenology, I have always held a strong private opinion that the growers of particular vegetables and fruits were some way or other endowed with an organ corresponding with the peculiar kind of culture in which they excelled. This opinion has been

confirmed by the observation and experience of many years. Thus, I have found that those members of our society who, on the average, (and it is only through general and comprehensive observations such truths can be arrived at,) took the greatest number of prizes for the biggest cabbages, possessed, one with another, a large cabbage-organ in the skull, which, by its great preponderance over the ordinary thinking faculties, rendered them in a manner unfit for much rational conversation. The pith of their brains appeared to represent the crumpled heart of a cabbage; inasmuch that a man in conversation found no difficulty in imagining he was being addressed by an animated winter green, or a civil gentlemanly savoy. While such as became most famed for the largest and best potatoes—Long Kidneys or Yorkshire Reds—had invariably, (I speak advisedly,) heads like a bag of those roots; or, in other words, as rugged and lumpy as a village pebble-paved causeway.

Upon the whole I have ever found all classes of the great growers, strange mortals,—“Rum-uns to look at,”—and in company much inclined to the contemplation of red and black earths, bone, horse, and pig manures, grubs, larvæ, and slugs. Yet have I also generally found their acquaintance well worth cultivating; and having been tolerably successful in that pursuit, can now boast of as extensive a friendship with the great growers, as any horticulturist in the three kingdoms. It has even crossed my mind that some day I would sit down and write their biographies;—classing them under the respective heads of Turnip, Leek, Carrot, Gooseberry, and the like; just in the same manner as other great men are classed, as Painters, Poets, Astronomers, &c. Whether this seed of the mind will ever shoot beyond the present paper, time alone can tell.

But that the reader may be the better enabled to judge of the interest attached to such a work, let me particularly draw his attention to the following sketch of Titus,—one of the most talented and enterprising members of the Hammaway Horticultural Society.

Now, Hammaway, the place of my residence, though according to law a market-town, is yet in magnitude and trade scarcely superior to many a village in the same county. That is, it may be properly resembled to a great booby, who is making his transit from lad to manship. About two thousand of its souls weave stockings for the London market;—thus, just enabling themselves to maintain each a coat out at elbows,—a face like a peggy-lantern's, which serves no turn but that of frightening the respectable inhabitants,—a wife who is always mopping her floor,—and a matter of about, on the average, fifteen children a piece.

Hammaway is, as it were, fenced about by small garden-plots, or rather whole fields divided into squares like a chess-board, separated by stunted hedges, and let to the poor souls above named, to whom they become like little Edens,—snippings of the garden of Paradise itself. Having but one day in a week which they can devote to cultivation, and that the day which the curate demands in vain,—you may see from ten to fifteen hundred of them on a summer's Sunday morning, all anxious to make the best of time, with their coats off,—perhaps laid on the hedges or suspended by the nape on an upright stick like a scare-crow,—delving, raking, hoeing, planting, uprooting, and watering, at a rate which might mislead a stranger to believe they were working in the last stage of desperation for their lives. This, however, their generous enthusiasm leads them to esteem in no other light than as admirable exercise and relaxation after the week's toil; and knowing their time is short, and that the day of rest (even though it happen to be the longest in the year,) must soon be over, they in general scarcely allow themselves time to return to their homes for dinner. Such, however, as do trespass on their amusement so far, usually swallow their meals as nearly all of a lump as the orifice of the throat will allow,—(and that, by the bye, with your hardworking man is not small,)—and without waiting to digest them, hurry back to their garden plots at a rate most nearly resembling a foot race between a couple of hundreds or so of competitors at one and the same time. While those who remain behind and pass the whole blissful time among their brocolis and potatoes, may be observed, at about one o'clock, to snatch a few minutes of time, rest on their spades, pull a dry crust out of their pockets, stuff it into their mouths like a bung, take a swig at the watering-pan, and then at it again.

Such is about the manner in which the generality of our population dispose of their Sundays. Though we are not without some of those ale, pipe, and political poor men who carry their profanation of those days so far as to retire to their places called summer-houses,—that is to say, small stud and mud erections, about the size of the now departed watchman's boxes, composed of three sides, a door, and a tile lid on the top,—and spend all the hours between morning and

night in drinking, shouting, and maintaining a continual tainted smell in the otherwise pure summer atmosphere, of rank and pestiferous sham-tobacco smoke.

But among this multitude of amateur tillers of the earth, whom to look at when engaged in their interesting operations, the spectator might imagine not worth, to purchase, five shillings per hundred, are to be found some of the brightest ornaments, the most shining stars of the Hammaway Horticultural Society,—men who reflect lustre on their native town, and are looked upon by strangers, whenever such happen to see them.

I have said that our raisers of Herculean fruit are for the most part a knot of strange-looking scrubs. One Mr. Jeffrey Todds, for instance, nearly the oldest member of the society, is as remarkable a vessel to look at as soul-ever set eyes on. You would think him all stem and ramifications, like a huge leaf animated; and when engaged in his garden, hunting snails out of his banks, the cunningest eyesight might be defied to distinguish him from the barks of the old willows about him; an effect to which, beyond a doubt, his pepper-and-salt long coat contributes, although there is still something of that impalpable green and yellowness in his phiz so characteristic of aged barks, and which I suppose he has unconsciously acquired by his continual intercommunication and cheek-by-jowlship with them. His head, from being as bald as the ivory top of a walking-stick, has the appearance of an immense yellow pumpkin; or, lest this simile should be not sufficiently comprehended by the reader, is in other words about the size of a grocer's tea canister. On the other hand, the dark oily countenance of Mr. James Swinburn, another of our most highly respected members, reminds one of nothing so much as a spring evening's moist slug.

But not a soul of them all, no, not one of the delving race within our society, is for an instant to be compared to the late great, and also personally tall Titus. For the ardor of his genius in the pursuit, the splendor of his various growths, the amount of prizes awarded to him, and his disastrous and most extraordinary death,—he must be considered as much superior to all others, as is the poplar of the meadow in height above all other trees. He was the life and soul of our society, more correctly speaking, the very apple of its eye. But alas! he is gone, and we are left blind on the best side of the society's face.

At our general meetings he was always distinguishable above others, as conspicuously as was his fruit above theirs. Nature having taken more than usual mother's care to manure and water him so well during his growth, that when arrived at his standard height, he measured six feet four from the ground to the topmost part of his trunk. Unfortunately he threw out no branches,—in other words, he left no family behind him,—or we might now have had a cutting of that excellent tree engrafted upon the society. I knew him during a period of fourteen or fifteen summers, and from lengthened observation can confidently assert that a greater enthusiast in any pursuit never crossed my widest path. Weather had not the least visible effect upon him. He went to his garden amid thunder-storms, with the

same punctuality as in sunshine,—during floods and frosts equally as in dry weather and hot. I have known him when his garden, like the borders of the Nile, has been covered with water all over nearly knee deep, take off his shoes and stockings, hang them round his neck, roll up his trousers like two thick rings or ferrules round his lower extremities, in the greatest unconcern, and with equal pleasure as at other times. It was not for the purpose of *doing* anything, but only to see the state of the case, and report the depth of water in the gardens to the nightly visitors (members of course) at the sign of "The Frog and Tadpole," near Scum Ditch, on an outskirt of Hammaway, close upon the gardens. The society on such occasions entertained great fears lest he should jeopardise his valuable existence by cold resulting in consumption; and indeed on two occasions of remarkably heavy floods accompanied by piercing blasts, formally passed a resolution forbidding him to wade about his plot until land again appeared. He seemed to bow to the society's wishes, but was afterward detected privately splashing about as usual. A vote of censure was passed on the commission of the second offence, merely to maintain the outward dignity of the society: though even those individuals who voted in its favor did so under feelings of no ordinary nature. Once, he happily discovered a thief getting up trees out of the softened and muddy ground, and under the pretence of arresting him, gave him a sound thrashing first, and then lugged him off to the constable. For this exploit a special reward was agreed upon for Titus, and after a comfortable supper, the chairman concluded a flowery speech by presenting him in the name of the society with a new three-legged iron pot.

The constancy of his attendance at his garden, daylight permitting, was astonishing. Exactly at five minutes after six in the evening, he was regularly to be seen crossing the short moor between Hammaway and his garden; and at dusk, be that whatever hour it might, he was as regularly to be observed returning home with a sprig of green or a flower stuck in the corner of his mouth, and a second in some favored button-hole. So constant indeed was he to his minute of going there, that many of those inhabitants of the lower end of the town who dwelt too far off the church to hear the clock strike, were long in the habit of setting their Dutch-clocks and watches by him; as well perceiving that while he had a spring left to keep him going, he was as truly to be depended on as the sun himself.

Some few weeks previous to our last summer-show of fruit, Titus went to his garden as usual. A drizzly soaking evening it was; and throughout the whole range of garden plots, scarcely a soul was to be seen, save himself. In the dusk and mistiness of coming night, his long scrambling limbs, his height, and awkward postures, seemed to resemble him to some strange bogle dabbling and fishing for frogs amidst a swamp; for such the low dewy gardens then appeared when viewed from the surrounding eminences. To the astonishment of all Hammaway, he did not return to his home until full an hour later than his regular time; that is, until it had become almost dark.

At that time he was met by a belated market-woman coming at an unusual pace along the road across the common, which, to her terrified gaze, his gaunt legs seemed to swallow up as he strode. Beside him was a creature like a man, but so diminutive, that the coat-laps of Titus occasionally flapped in his face. Yet that tall worthy could not outstrip him. Such a man had never before been seen in our parts, except in a penny show at the annual fair; and as the woman passed them she overheard—unless her senses deceived her—she overheard Titus exclaim energetically to the little biped by his side,—“Done!—I’ll take it!”

At that moment the feet of the dwarf-thing struck fire on the pebble stones over which they walked, and the market-woman smelt brimstone as plainly as the nose was on her face. This latter circumstance was however afterward declared to be no miracle; since it was confidently asserted, though the housewives of Hammaway would never hear of it, that she carried from market that night no less than three-pennyworths of the old-fashioned matches in her basket.

This encounter soon became known and enlarged in all its suspicious circumstances and horrors. Some wisely declared they had their thoughts as well as other folks. Some again spoke outright, and avowed their belief that Titus had done neither more nor less than consort with the devil, for the sake of forcing his gooseberries by and through the aid of that old gentleman’s underground hotbed,—it being notorious that up to the point of time of which I am speaking, Titus had been most low in spirits, in consequence of the unusual backwardness of his fruit; while afterward he mounted up to the highest pinnacle of hope, being frequently heard to declare his solemn conviction that, late as it was, he should take every individual prize for the berries, rough and smooth.

Many had the curiosity afterward to lie in wait when Titus went to his garden of an evening, in anticipation of seeing him once more enjoying the society of his strange companion, and, if possible, of tracing out where he came from and whither he vanished to; but in every instance were they disappointed,—he never came again.

Instead, perhaps, the little man transacted his business at a distance; for true it was that on the following morning a small and curious box was discovered on the table of the house, by his wife, who rose before daylight to wash her own and her husband’s linen. It was a box of no fashion at all, as far as this earth is concerned, having four sides, every one of which was triangular. After much fearful consideration, she was about to exhibit her temerity by opening it, when her hand was arrested by the sound of something coming down her narrow staircase. She looked in that direction, and beheld the smallest black cat—at least it walked on all fours—with the largest development of eyes she had ever seen during the course of her mortal pilgrimage. How was this? *they* kept no cat, either white or black; and, of course, Titus’s lady had no recollection whatever at such a critical moment, that stray cats are as desperately determined to put their heads in anywhere, as was her own gigantic lord to stride away to his garden. Instead of wash-

ing, she flew off to bed again in terror, without waiting to split open the box; though not without inly promising to do so as soon as broad daylight came. She fell asleep; and on awakening again found that Titus was missing. He had risen by the earliest peep of morning, and carried the box away to his garden, where none but his gooseberry-bushes and cabbage-stumps could be privy to the contents. When he returned home to breakfast, he threw the box empty on the floor, telling his wife she might appropriate it, if any use for such a queer-shaped article could be found; but she resolutely avowed it should never be adopted in her house, not even for a match-box, unless Titus would first declare what it had contained.

"Nothing to do you any harm," was his reply; and beyond which neither coaxing, threatening, nor reasoning could extort a word. This made the wife still more suspicious; she resolved, by the aid of Providence, to convince herself at least of the nature of the place beyond this world, from whence she believed the three-cornered thing had come; and therefore seizing an opportunity after their morning meal, when Titus had gone to work, she called in one or two of her neighbors as witnesses, informed them of all that had passed, upon which she hung her own interpretations and suspicions, and then, while fearfully they all stood round, she seized the box with her tongs, and cast it into the fire. The general expectation was, that it would either explode and vanish in smoke, or else shoot suddenly off in furiously hissing blue flames.

Neither of these events, to the mortal disappointment of the assembly, took place. Instead, the stubborn stuff would scarcely burn at all. After considering awhile about this very unwood-like phenomenon, they discovered this strange fact to be the most natural and probable; for if it really did come from — (they here looked infernally horrible at one another), nothing under the sun could be clearer than that it must necessarily be fire-proof.

In a fright of conviction, Mistress Titus took the box off the coals, and flung it far beyond a neighboring ditch, lest, if cast among other refuse, it should charm and bedevil the Christian heap of that commodity, which lay before her cottage door.

From being himself an object of universal suspicion, Titus now found that a thousand curious eyes were turned upon his gooseberries. All expected to see wonders; while the extraordinary reports that were spread about respecting them, and which doubtless originated with some prying souls who had crept clandestinely into his garden, and taken a stolen view, tended nothing toward diminishing the general anxiety. It was confidently declared that they were of a fiery red, as though the skins enclosed a hot coal; that they were as hard as hoofs, and the prickles on some of them like hedgehogs' quills.

At length, as the time of exhibition drew nigh, Titus triumphantly invited several connoisseurs of berries to inspect his trees. To their amazement they found the previously-incredible reports in all respects true, save with reference to the size of the fruit. Therein, indeed had the current tales either fallen short, or the berries them-

selves had since far outgrown their description. They were really ponderous; and adjudged in some instances to weigh as much as thirty-three or four pennyweights. Our inspectors almost doubted their own senses, and began to fancy it possible that some magical delusion was being practised upon their otherwise experienced optics. The matter appeared the more astonishing, when we reflect how dwindled and diminutive appeared the same berries in the early part of the season. What stimulating, miraculous manure must that box have contained in its bowels! Or, was it manure? Was it not rather an elixir drawn from demon-distilled earths, of which a few drops invigorated more than many barrowsful of limes, bones, or salts? But if these thoughts entered their minds spontaneously at the first glance, what did they not think when Titus informed them that he had changed the names of all his bushes? When he led them round his borders, and pointed out "The Dark Fiery," "The Brimstone King," "The Devil's Black," and even, when he came to christen the biggest of all, "The Great Infernal Rough?" Then in truth did they stand aghast, each with his eyes on Titus, as though doubting whether he beheld man or demon.

The day of trial was nigh. Titus had in all opinions of course thrown the idea of competition completely aside, for who could hope to approach even within distance of his Infernal Rough? Nay, his inferior Dark Fiery and Brimstone King were plainly more than a match for the best of all their Imperial Greens and Reds.

It was evident that as many copper kettles would fall to his lot as might set him up with stock for a small brazier's shop. Hence envy, that terrible sprite, crept into the soul of the society, and at one time seriously threatened its very existence. A secret conspiracy against him was laid and hatched by two rival growers, which broke out on the identical night preceding the eventful morn of exhibition.

That night, dreamily unconscious of the gooseberry desolation to which he should awaken on the morrow, poor Titus lay quietly on his woolen mattress, beholding happy visions of angelic horticulturists, berries as big as beer-barrels, and cart-loads of prizes shooting down their golden loads before his own house door. He awoke by peep of dawn. His mind was full of gooseberries, and he could shut his eyes no more that morning. So, getting up in haste to contemplate those resplendent productions, he strode down to his garden some hours before breakfast time. The gate was open, the trees broken, fruit stripped off and trampled under foot along the pathways! Titus saw, and fell prone to the earth.

Later in the day his wife went down to see after him, and discovered him as described above, extended on his bed, with the watering-pot, that faithful attendant, by his side. Having obtained assistance, she had him conveyed home. Doctor Quassia, of Hammaway, was called in, who administered stimulants of all sorts to effect his recovery; and among the rest,—as knowing the proper restoratives for fainting country people—ticked his nose with a cockrel's feather, and his ears with a bunch of nettles. By these additional means he was brought back again to his senses.

Everybody in Hammaway, however anxious before, were now more anxious than ever to pump out the secret of raising such astounding berries. Titus was deeply questioned, but he remained as mute as his own bed-post—a circumstance which gave additional force to the preconceived general opinion, that he had sold himself to —

No matter who—for what right, ye “purity of election” people, has a man to sell himself to anybody?

They also considered in addition, that the —, i. e., the same gentleman just alluded to, had cheated him before his time; for who, asked they, ever dealt with—(the reader may here insert the name of any gentleman he pleases,) without eventually finding himself on the wrong side of the post?

All this was very excellent, but the grand secret remained still as unfathomable a secret as before.

Meantime Titus took his gooseberries so much to heart that he weighed himself down beneath the burden of them; and that sensitive organ, that single wheel upon which life rolls along—I mean his heart—gave evident symptoms that its oil was out, its axle broken, and that it would shortly cease to move at all. Tokens like these alarmed everybody; and lest Titus should slip off unexpectedly, and carry his mystery along with him, to bury it in that deeper mystery, the grave, he was besought, exhorted, conjured, and prayed, to clear his dying body of the charge which, according to common repute, lay at his door; the more especially as at the same time he might be making known one of the greatest discoveries in horticulture ever yet discovered by the greatest discoverers. Titus rolled round his eyes, but said nothing.

The people of Hammaway were perplexed beyond measure. Men, women, and children alike in their degree; though the gardeners especially were at their wit's end.

At length, when it became evident how surely Death had informed Titus that very shortly he should make a call upon him, Mr. Canticle, the curate, was called in, as the man most likely of all men within the Wapentake, to overmatch the —

“Well, what happened?”

“You shall hear.”

The curate lodged himself upon the edge of the bedstead on which the fallen Corinthian capital of our society lay, and after several minutes spent in silent rumination—in chewing as it were the cud of his mind—he thus spoke:

“My friend,” said he, “it is now high time to inform thee that thy feet are hastening to tread the ground of another world. It may be, the ground of a far more blissful garden than this, upon which thy fleshly heart has been fixed; or, it may be the ground of that dreadful place which is said to be bottomless.”

Titus groaned from the bottom of his spirit.

“Speak!” cried the curate, “for this very moment may be thy last. Hadst thou any pact with the devil?”

“No, upon my soul!” groaned Titus again in the hollow voice of an expiring winter's blast.

“No, no!—it was only —”

He died before the secret could be delivered.

All the philosophers of Hammaway laid their heads together immediately afterward, in order to debate, consult, and divine, what words they could be which poor Titus left unrevealed. But as no tolerable evidence could be obtained touching the character, residence, or occupation, of the diminutive biped, who, it was presumed, had furnished the deceased with the queer-shaped box, they finally arrived at the sagacious decision, that “it was totally impossible to decide at all.”

Such a conclusion was worth nothing. The reader is at perfect liberty to speculate upon the subject for himself.

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The following lines are from a “Harp” whose music has already thrilled many souls. Mr. Clements is a true poet, and his thoughts come over us like starlight in a dark hour.—  
EDITOR OF THE NEW WORLD.

#### EVENING.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS

THE parting day has left a smile  
Upon the face of yonder sky,  
And clouds in crimson glory pile  
Their ruby cenotaph on high.

In many a vigil kept at eve,  
Has fancy seen an angel glide  
Down thy descending bow, and leave  
A seraph's robe some grave beside.

The sweet romance of life is cast  
In Evening's mould of placid hours,  
When the cool zephyrs wandering past,  
Just stoop to wake the sleeping flowers.

The pulse of nature warmly beats,  
Responsive to the human breast,  
Like that mysterious bliss that meets  
In hands and hearts together pressed.

The tranquil deep above us lies,  
Calm as the slumber of a girl,  
And stars look outward like her eyes,  
When opening through a floating curl.

Borne slowly by the evening gale,  
And swathed in sunset hues, are curled  
The clouds, as if let down to veil  
The threshold of a brighter world.

Well may we deem the halo sent  
Undimmed by lurid fires of earth,  
A pathway round the firmament,  
That leads us to immortal birth!

The sunlight or our life may fall,  
Ere its meridian hath begun;  
Why should we grieve? life is not all  
For which the race of years is run!

#### A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

BY A LADY OF ALBANY.

Blondel led the tuneful band,  
And swept the wire with glowing hand.—WHARTON.

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It was during the short interval which elapsed between the third and fourth crusade—the former of which may be said to have terminated in favor of the crusaders—for the cross assumed for a season the place of the golden crescent on the remaining battlements of Acre, Ascalon, Tyre and Jaffa—and not long after Philip of France and Richard of England, being unable to fight longer

together, had departed from the burning sands of Syria for their respective dominions; that the events which follow occurred. The first had boasted much and accomplished little in the Holy Land, while the second not only concluded a glorious peace, but rendered himself immortal by his generous conduct and noble daring in council and in battle field, both in the eyes of his own countrymen and in those of the Saracens, his enemies.

At the close of an unusually warm day, a solitary troubadour, harp in hand, might have been seen traversing the little path which skirted the Danube, wending his way slowly toward the humble village of Dunestein which lay a short distance from him at the foot of a lofty precipice, on the top of which stood a castle whose towers had been his only guide since the morning he left Reims's glittering spires behind him. The bell was sending forth its iron peals, for the hour of vespers had arrived, and groups of peasants were bending their steps toward the convent of St. Augustin, which stood in a secluded part of the village almost hid from sight in the surrounding foliage. But ere the minstrel could reach its sacred vestibule, the bell had ceased, the massive doors were closed, and long before the ceremony was over, the sun had removed its sparkling robe from the broad bosom of the Danube, and ceased to play about the tall summits of the castellated strong hold. The minstrel sat him down on one of the steps, and wrapping himself up in his ample mantle, with his eyes fixed on the dark mass which rose in melancholy grandeur before him, he seemed to listen to the deep tones of the organ as they issued from within that holy temple, and ever and anon his hands, as if involuntarily, would seek the strings of the instrument, his only companion; but when his ear caught the soft notes, bright tears would rise in his eyes, and with a deep sigh he would resume his inactive posture.

He had remained in this situation some time, when his meditations were disturbed by the heavy clank of footsteps evidently approaching the place where he rested. Three mailed knights soon appeared, their armor glistening under the moonbeams. They paused at a short distance from the convent. The minstrel's curiosity being excited, he crouched behind one of the pillars of the edifice in such a manner as to avoid observation, while he viewed their movements. They were templars, wearing the white robe with the red cross. One of the party, who, from his bearing, might have been taken for a leader, inquired in a low and anxious tone of his followers, if, while at Venice, the day before, they had heard any news concerning Richard Cœur de Leon, and if the English were supposed to be aware of his captivity. One of the two addressed answered there were many rumors abroad, and that many believed that Richard had found a grave beneath the ocean. The first speaker then replied, with a smile of exultation, "He will never again behold the chalky cliffs of England, nor again witness the ocean! It surrendered him to us at Zara. Leopold will teach the conqueror to trample on the banner of Austria! Yon rocky fortress shall be both the sepulchre and the monument of —"

But ere he could finish the sentence, the doors

of the convent were thrown open, and the villagers came pouring out, and the knights were lost amid the crowd.

The minstrel, after lingering a few moments, departed, ejaculating as he went, "Thank God! I have found him at last."

The next morning, ere the sun was half an hour high, a sturdy sentinel beheld from the battlements of the castle of Dunestein a dark figure approaching by one of the narrow and dangerous paths which led from the village to the top of the rocky eminence. In a few minutes he discovered by the peculiar garb in which the individual was enveloped that he was a troubadour, a class always welcome in those times of blood and rapine. The sentinel's watch was over, and either actuated by a passion for music, a desire to talk, or a curiosity to know what the wanderer's reasons were for venturing abroad at so early an hour, he came down from the wall and sallied out to meet him. After saluting each other, the sentinel inquired of the minstrel (whom the reader has by this time recognized as the person first introduced to his notice) what sent him up so high in the air at so early an hour in the day; he replied, "Various reasons urged me to visit your citadel;" and looking around him, he continued, "I am amply repaid for my trouble, for although my hair is white with age, and I have traveled over many lands, yet believe me, never have my eyes beheld a scene more magnificent than this spread out beneath our feet."

The scene was indeed beautiful. But the sentinel, either not having a taste for the subject, or not feeling at the time in a sentimental mood, gently acquiesced in the old man's exclamation, and then abruptly asked him where he came from, and whither he was going.

"Palestine," said the minstrel, his voice trembling with emotion. "I have wandered about the country in pursuit of a friend, whom I have good reason to believe lies confined in an Austrian prison. Pray inform me, sir, who are confined within these walls which you seem to guard so closely?"

"None of your peaceful occupation, I assure you," roughly answered the sentinel.

"Oh, then," replied the minstrel, "perhaps they are prisoners of state; tell me what their titles are."

"In yon tower a great king resides; ask me no more questions."

"Nay, nay, my peevish friend," said the troubadour, his face beaming with pleasure; "I am no babbler, and in order to make all smooth between us, I will, with your permission, sing one of my favorite airs. It is one that you have never heard, and may never hear again; it will give a pleasant zest to your morning potation, and improve mightily your present disposition."

The troubadour adjusted very carefully the strings of his harp, and seating himself under one of the windows of the tower supposed to contain the royal prisoner, he commenced the first part of a French chanson, and when he paused after the first half of the song—to the great consternation of the sentinel, and the no small delight of the minstrel—a person in the tower commenced singing the remainder of the song after the manner of the gay minstrel. Ere the voice ceased, the min-

strel started from his seat, crying out, "God save King Richard of England!"

The sentinel hurried within the castle, but returned almost instantly for the purpose of securing the musical friend. He had, however, vanished.

That evening a vessel spread her snowy canvas to the gale, and as she rounded a rocky point projecting into the Danube, bringing the castle of Dunestein in view, from her decks was seen waving a blood-red banner bearing the arms of Richard of the Lion Heart.

A short time after the preceding events, news was received at the castle of Dunestein that England had discovered the place where her king lay confined, and that all christendom was in arms threatening destruction to Duke Leopold of Austria, the author of the brave king's misfortunes.

The powerful efforts of the Austrian Duke, backed by those of Philip of France, were totally inadequate to attain their end, and fell back with tenfold might upon the heads of their authors. Richard, in the month of March, 1174, returned to his kingdom, accompanied by his faithful troubadour, Blondel de Neste, the same bard who sung to the monarch beneath the castle walls, and the first to discover where his master was confined. Long and loud were the rejoicings when Richard returned to his native land. Many were the presents heaped upon Blondel, both by noble and peasant, and during the reign of his monarch he never wanted a friend or benefactor.

The castle at Dunestein is fast crumbling away, and its master has long since been forgotten; but the story of the king and his troubadour is inscribed upon the pages of history.

THE ORGANIST.

BY JOHN GALT.

ONE day, while walking toward a neighboring town, my attention was arrested by a young man, with an organ on his back, traveling in the same direction. He was caroling, unconsciously, as it were, with considerable musical pathos, the following rude Italian ditty:—

My country, my parent!—Oh mother, austere!
How I did love thee, did love thee in heart!
Was not my fervent vow ever sincere,
Ne'er from thy glory or danger to part?
I that so swore to die, mother, for thee!
Nor witness the dying of thy liberty.
Queen of the stars, oh day that is past!—
Oh goddess! to whom still in worship the old
Do homage in spirit, why am I thus cast,
Unshelter'd and lonely to perish in cold?
Proud parent! when Fortune was smiling and free,
I served thee for love; now I earn poverty.

When he had finished, he sat down on a dwarf wall by the road-side, apparently to rest, with so much of the air *penseroso*, that I was irresistibly induced to speak to him; and the following conversation arose:

"My father's country," said he, "was Asti, in Piedmont; but *Io, Io sono Romano*"—(*I, I am a Roman*.)

Something in the generous arrogance with which he uttered the unusual *Io*, caused me to prick up my ears; and I inquired how that had happened.

"Ah, signore," he replied, "it is the way of the world: One born to greatness does not always

enjoy it. I saw the king of France guillotined: a *ladrone* (a thief) would not have been so used in *paese mio*,"—(my country.)

The manner of this observation interested me still more than the lordliness with which he had pronounced *Io sono Romano*; and I inquired, with a slight inflection, almost of pity, in my voice, if his father had been born to greatness.

He contemplated me, perhaps, the space of a minute, and then replied, with a degree of simplicity exceedingly affecting, by the helpless childishness of the look and tone which he expressed himself.

"He was born to be a marchese; but his father lost all his money by cards in Turin; and his mother, *una donna superba*, (a noble woman) died of weeping. Signore, the marchese, then married the daughter of a vine-dresser; and my father, with his brother, ran away to Genoa, where they found a vessel which brought them to Livorno. They landed very hungry; so he left his brother weeping on the wharf, with a crowd of boys around him, and came away with an English milady to Rome. My father and his brother were then dressed like the sons of the signori of Asti!"

It is not easy to convey an idea of the beauty with which this was said. The speaker might be turned of twenty; but the pathos with which he spoke, was as if memory had reconverted him into boyhood. I would do injustice to my own feelings, were I to say that it only awakened my curiosity to hear a little romance.

I know not whether he had perceived the effect he had produced, but again he looked in my face as I said—"And what became of your father's brother?"

"*Chi sa*!" (who knows!) said he! "perhaps he went into paradise. I think he must, for I have heard my father say he was too good for this world."

"And your father," I added, really with emotion; "what became of him?"

"He lived with the signora while she remained at Rome," replied the pensive organist. "By her he became known to many great persons; and, when she went away, he was taken into the palace of Cardinal Albano. Every one pitied him; and when they spoke to him, it was as to a young marchese, though he was but a servitore. Ah! signore, there is always cold in the heart of those who have been born to hope, and must live with despair."

The elegance and elocution of this little sentence would have done honor to the celebrated Alfieri, a native of Asti; and, though I saw but the seeming of a poor wandering organist before me, my imagination was excited, and I thought of the many shapes which the proteus genius assumes. Controlling, however, the perturbation which I could not suppress, I requested him to tell me the history of his father, adding, that I hoped he was not allowed always to remain a menial. Again, with that pathetic inquisition of the eye which had first induced me to address him, the organist said—

"Nobody before has asked me about my father; I hope, signore, you are not of the police. Indeed it is truth that I am a poor stranger just come from Dublin, where they are all so poor

themselves that they could only listen to my benedetto organ—sono senza danari!"—(they have no money.)

"Be not afraid," was my answer; "I am like yourself—a stranger here. Were there no inquiries ever made about your father?"

"Ah, no," said he; "when men become poor, their friends wish them dead, and willingly think them so when they do not see them. Asti is far away from Rome. My father was not a Rumoroso; he could not laugh; so, in the cardinal's palace, he fell lower and lower; for he was very thoughtful—always sad—and at last no one heeded him; but he never forgot the castle of his forefathers."

"Who was your mother?"

"Oh, she was like the holy virgin—so calm, so beautiful, so good, and so kind—Adorata, adorata, Dea del mio core!" there is no sorrow in my tears when I think of her. Often, when I sit alone in the twilight, I see her, with my heart, as one of the blessed. She was the daughter of an apostolic fisherman. She resided with her parents on the sea-shore, not far from a villa belonging to the cardinal, where my father was a domestic. Being alone in the world, he took her for his wife. O Madre mia! the spirit of the blessed was in her person. But I shall never see her in this world again."

"Why?" I exclaimed, affected by the singular sense, as it were, of absent objects, to which the evidently gifted but uneducated youth seemed liable.

"I am seeking my brother," replied he; "and, till I have found him, I have made a vow in the church of St. John the Theologian, never to return. Padre mio, madre, sono in paradiso. Giovanni e Deo fanno il mondo per me"—(my father and mother are all dead. Giovanni and God are the world to me.)

I perceived that it was in vain to expect a connected narrative; the sensibility with which the temperament of the friendless foreigner was so evidently saturated, and the tears which began to flow from him, as he remembered his home, were quite irresistible.

Whatever were his mental endowments, his power of pathetic utterance was truly extraordinary; and I could not but strongly sigh when I thought how much the refined world had probably lost of delight, by the mendicity of one who would have been such an ornament to the opera.

When his emotions had a little subsided, I inquired what he meant by seeking his brother.

"My father," replied he, "died when we were small children. We were four—two sisters, and brother Giovanni. My sisters were younger, and brother elder than me. My mother! how she caressed us when father died. The love that she then shed in tears is ever glowing in my bosom. We became very poor, and Giovanni, when he was not ten, went into Rome, when, as we heard, he traveled away into England with an organist. My sisters, the one after the other, when bambini, (babes,) were taken into paradise; and my mother then used to sit on the shore, where, often and often, at night, hath she pointed out to me the very star which Maria and Ange-

lina were dancing with happiness within; and she would then kiss me, and pray that we might soon be there with Maria and Angelina; and, mio padre! her heart was dying then; and, when I was in my ninth year, Jesus Christ stretched down his hand from a star and lifted her up into heaven; so I was left alone in the world. Then it was that I went to the church of St. John the Theologian, and made a vow to wander away till I found Giovanni; and I have never forgotten my vow."

"Gracious! you, then, so young, and have still abided by that vow?"

"You know, signore," said he, looking intently in my face, "that it would be a sin to forget my vow; I durst never, then, hope to join madre mio in cielo!"—(my mother in heaven.)

"But surely," cried I, "you have not, since then, been always in search of your brother?"

"I have not been always; but I have never forgotten my vow, nor done anything but to enable me to fulfill it."

"In what way?"

"The servants of the cardinal when he went back to Rome, at the end of the year after my mother had been taken up to paradise, took me with them, and did all they could to tempt me to break my vow, but I would not; so I began to gather money to buy this organ, and they helped me. I beseeched, with its sadness, the world to let me pass into England, where I hope to find Giovanni; I have not yet heard of him. I have been wandering up and down for three years, and I can hear nothing of him; nor is he in Dublin. Perhaps, signore, you can tell me if he be in Scozia. He has a black mole on his cheek, and his eyes are the color of pleasure."

It seemed to me as if there was a more tender beauty in this ineffectual search, than even in the celebrated quest of Telemachus; and I became curious to know with what feeling he had been so long such a solitary and sentimental wanderer.

He had visited many countries; but his mind was so absorbed by one idea—the fulfilment of his vow—that he had seen nothing which, in any great degree, interested him, but the execution of the unfortunate Louis. The ornaments of nations had never awakened his attention. He spoke of the Alps, however, with something indeed of enthusiasm—Hanno una spetto come Iddio—"They look like God," said he. Paris left no impression; even the magnificent greatness of London seemed only to be remembered as another town. But, when I asked what he thought of it as compared to Rome, he exclaimed, with glistening eyes—

"Roma, ah, Roma! who has her may desire to die. There is but one Rome upon all the earth. The stones there are stories, and the dust antiquity. It is only there, and by the basilica of St. Pietro, that you can guess the glory that may be in paradise. Methinks I hear the fountains, in front of the basilica, singing matins, and the voice of Time in the moonlight silence of the Colosseum. Roma, O Roma! Parent of Glory! There are but Heaven and Rome; all else is the rubbish from what they were made of."

* This cannot be translated. I give the sentiment—Godness of my heart.

Jesting often indicates a want of understanding.

THE BANDIT'S WIFE.

LEOPOLD ROBERT.

OUR plate this week has no particular story of its own to tell; therefore, abandoning the field of fiction, we shall come to plain facts, and give a short, but highly romantic and interesting biographical sketch of the painter of the original picture—Leopold Robert—one of the most accomplished artists of the French School. At a comparatively early age he achieved the highest professional distinction, attained a popularity beyond that of any living artist of his time, and became the admired of a whole people, from the sovereign to the artisan; he had endured few difficulties and privations to sour his temper or misdirect his mind; fortune, as well as fame, had laid its tributes at his feet;—yet at the moment when he had secured all that men covet most eagerly, and for the attainment of which no sacrifice is deemed too great, he brought his triumphant career to a close, terminating his existence with his own hand on the 20th of March, 1835. To account for this unhappy event is by no means easy; conjecture has been, indeed, sufficiently busy, but it has furnished no satisfactory clue by which may traced to its source the melancholy end of so much successful genius. The fatal act was committed coolly and deliberately; there was no temporary aberration of intellect, no exhaustion of the mind producing momentary insanity; no failure in the past, or dread of the future, to work upon susceptibility; no fear of enemies, or falling away of friends; no lack of conscious power to work out the suggestions of the will; in short, we seek in vain for some mode of reconciling the deed to the ordinary laws which govern human nature; for we attach small value to the opinion of one of his biographers, who traces it to the issue of a misplaced attachment, which does not seem to have largely occupied his heart, or to have been by any means hopeless.

The annals of the arts supply too many examples of cases similar in their results, but very opposite in the causes that led to them. Disappointed ambition, blighted prospects, desperate privations, and crumbling poverty, have consigned many suicides to unhonored graves; nay, the sudden chill of a cherished passion has not unfrequently deprived the world of much that promised value; where men had forgotten that

"The darkest day,

Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away."

But in the instance of the great artist whose life we are considering, charity will attribute the "self-slaughter" to some constitutional infirmity, inscrutable and unaccountable. His brother, Alfred, also a painter of high merit, put a period to his own existence, it is said, of an unhappy marriage—exactly ten years, to a day, previous to the death of Leopold! The histories of both are left to us—"to point a moral."

Leopold Robert was born on the 13th of May, 1794, at Chaux-de-Fonds, a village in the canton of Neuchâtel. His father, a skilful artisan, lived to see his two sons become "famous," and to learn their unhappy fate. A third son, Aurelius, an artist also, survives, with less of genius, but we trust with more of happiness. As with most men who have achieved greatness, their in-

tellectual powers were derived from their mother. At a very early age, Leopold manifested a taste for drawing, and in 1810 he was consigned to the care of M. Girardet, the eminent engraver. In 1814 he produced an engraved work, for which he obtained the second great prize. In 1815 he was again a competitor for honors in this branch of the profession; but as his native canton had been ceded by France to Prussia, after the fall of Napoleon, the candidate had become a "foreigner;" and his name was erased from the list. The occurrence was fortunate; he determined to adopt higher views; to essay a nobler triumph, and became a pupil of the celebrated painter, David, in whose atelier he studied for about a year, until David was condemned to exile. Good fortune still attended him; a distinguished and wealthy gentleman of Neuchâtel supplied the necessary funds for a residence in Italy, with but one condition attached, that they should be repaid if a time of prosperity ever came. It did come; and in 1828, the money was gratefully returned. His first commission of importance was a subject from De Stael's novel of "Corinne." The picture was painted; but in consequence of his refusal to introduce the military costume of England in the principal figure—Oswald—it was left on his hands, and was exhibited at Paris in 1824, as the "Neapolitan Improvisatore." It established his reputation, and at once placed high in the list of great artists of the nineteenth century. Soon afterward, commenced his friendship with M. Marcotte—his "PATRON" in the purest and loftiest sense of the term—his liberal and generous banker, his considerate and judicious counsellor, his cautious and sympathising consoler, and the wise director of his studies. The intercourse between the artist and his friend was limited to correspondence, until the year 1831, when, for the first time, they met. Meanwhile, it had been the self-imposed duty of M. Marcotte to relieve the painter of all care concerning worldly affairs, leaving him free to pursue his professional duties unfettered—a circumstance to which we may attribute the amazing number of his works, and his astonishing industry; for between the years 1822, when he commenced his career in Rome, and the year 1835, when he perished, the productions of his pencil were no fewer than two hundred and fifty. His letters to this gentleman furnish the only keys to his character, his habits, and his pursuits; and neither seems to have been in any degree tainted by that dissipation which too frequently curses genius. One particular passage we quote as affording, perhaps, some information relative to the picture which accompanies this memoir, and forms so valuable an addition to our work. Writing in 1830, he says—

"I obtained permission from the Government at Rome to fix my habitation for some time near a place where two or three hundred mountaineers had assembled—men, women, and children—all related to the brigands of the mountains, and all wearing hitherto unknown costumes. I passed several months in this place, and finished some pictures; and on my departure I carried away some of their clothes as studies for future works."

The circumstance to which the melancholy ter-

mination of his brilliant and prosperous career has been traced by his French biographer,—and in the absence of proof we can attribute it to no other, although invention has made a score of “guesses” at purely imagined causes,—is that unhappy attachment to which we have referred. In 1830, replying to a communication from his friend, he uses these remarkable words:—

“Every word you write does me good—no one of your counsels is lost. What you say concerning marriage I feel to be most just; yet shall I ever be reasonable enough to act upon it? I have not arrived at this time of life without having had my affections engaged, nor without having received the most ecstatic hopes of happiness; but all these hopes are wrecked by the most singular combination of circumstances, and I remain alone with my remembrances.”

Further on he says—

“I would never marry a Roman lady, nor would I unite myself with one of another religion.” “I am myself of the reformed religion; and moreover I would trust that I am truly religious, not because I am bigoted, but because it is my belief that all faiths must benefit mankind that tend to subdue the passions, which render man so miserable when they are without restraint.”

Time in a degree cleared up the mystery. Among the many distinguished families who coveted the society of the man of genius at Rome and at Florence, was one which consisted only of a husband and wife, before whose attractions the constitutional reserve of the painter gave way. They were of French origin, but had long been dwellers in Italy; their skill in the arts was considerable, and they invited Leopold to an equality of friendship, based upon similitude of taste, and sanctioned by aristocracy of intellect—reminding the humble painter that in France talent was in itself a dignity. Of the issue we are told little, except that, after the sudden death of the husband, the widow was considered by the artist “under peculiar and interesting circumstances,” that the latent tenderness of his feelings toward her were called forth, “just at a time when the severity of his principles, and the purity of his sentiments might suffer less acutely, from this revelation of its secret to his own heart.” He was destined, however, to learn the hopelessness of his presumption; the laws of society (from which it is asserted the lady had never swerved) assured him but too clearly of the impossibility of an union. “Henceforth,” adds his biographer, “his life was a continued torment;” then commenced the fatal struggle between blind passion and moral and religious principle, which ended with “the overthrow of his reason, and its terrible result.” But, as we have intimated, the cause is insufficient for the effect: love might have existed, not without hope, and certainly without guilt; there was no barrier which time might not have removed; success achieves glory, and glory rank; the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which the painter did obtain in 1831, might have been the prelude to loftier distinctions; and Leopold Robert would not have been the first humble man of genius of France whom talent had raised to the peerage. The mysterious connection is perhaps—as, perhaps,

it ought to be—buried in the future; but it furnishes the sole clue to the artist's fate.*

His friend had unfortunately failed to trace his malady to its right source. A few days before he destroyed himself he wrote to this friend—“the hand-writing evinces the trouble and agitation of his mind.” The letter alludes to the production of his last great work, “conceived and brought forth amid agonies,” but breathes, on the whole, a more benignant hope of the future. His brother Aurelius was then with him at Venice; he too wrote by the same post, and in allusion to Leopold's state of mind, thus expressed himself: “Alas, what an unfortunate disposition is his! with so many elements of enjoyment; with religion, merit, virtue, talents, all turned into sources of self-torment! Oh! inconceivable mystery of human organization! It baffles thought!” Four days after these letters were composed Leopold Robert “cut his throat” in his own studio, on the 20th of March, 1835.

“There can be no reasonable doubt,” says his biographer, “that he was drawn to this horrible deed by a distaste for life, superinduced by his fatal passion; but it is likely we shall ever remain in ignorance of the proximate cause that induced him to put his design into execution just at this time, unless we consider that its being the anniversary of his brother's similar fatal act, ten years before, can give any explanation of it.” We gather from his brother's letter to M. Marcotte, written after the tragical catastrophe, that the last four days of his life were marked by much inquietude. He would rise from his seat, go to the glass and notice his own haggard appearance—his hollow eyes, his wild looks, and say that people stared at him as though he were mad—that his sight was leaving him. He suffered from a sensation of cold, and particularly about the head, where it was ascertained, after death, that serious matter had formed. His mortal remains were deposited in the little island of the Sielo, at some distance from Venice, where all who are not of the Roman Catholic faith are interred. The funeral was without pomp, and was followed to the grave by his brother, his friends, and his fellow artists of all countries at that time in Venice.

The astonishing number of his productions affords convincing proof the enthusiasm of Leopold Robert for his art. In him industry was associated with genius; and working together they have given immortality to his name. It is interesting and instructive to trace the progress of his mind,—gradually developing as he pursued his honorable and elevating profession—almost from his outset in life, when in obscurity and comparative indigence, he resigned a profitable “commission” because he would not paint what he did not feel, to the unhappy close of his career. He at all times manifested honest independence—the only foundation of true greatness. Alluding to one of the difficulties his pencil had to conquer, he writes, “I have too much pertinacity of character to give up my design.” To this quality we may attribute much of the power that

* The lady was the daughter of Joseph Napoleon, and her husband was the son of Louis Buonaparte. In themselves, therefore, they supplied proof that no distinction is beyond the reach of genius. The lady died very recently, and without contracting a second marriage.

overcame the physical weakness of "a man small in stature and delicate in constitution," whose health was undermined by a secret, and, as he considered it, hopeless passion, of which he was the prey during eight years; all that time going through incredible fatigue, never quitting his easel for months together; attending to all minor artistic details with the minutest accuracy, and even preparing all his own colors. Proofs of his thought and industry are not confined to the productions of his pencil. His letters are numerous, and often extend to considerable length. It is said, indeed, that a collection of them would form three octavo volumes; they are full of knowledge, the result of close and keen observation—strictures on men and things connected with art, and his views of his own age, with its practical bearing on the interests of painting.

They explain the means by which the painter achieved success; and manifest, beyond dispute, that its great source was Nature. He was by no means a rapid painter. "I cannot," he says emphatically, "I cannot improvise a picture! I must feel out my thoughts—grope them out, like a blind man walking." No artist ever drew out an idea, in its length and breadth, with greater pertinacity than did Leopold Robert; and none knew better than he did how to take advantage dexterously of all the resources a subject could afford him. After all, it was his intense love of NATURE that stamped his productions with an unaffected freshness—a purity of grace, and a degree of originality that will forever secure him a high rank among the greatest of modern artists.

The plate which we give in the present number of the Rover, though a fine specimen of engraving, will give but a faint idea of the style and beauty of the original picture, which bears the date of having been painted in 1831—soon after the painter had been studying the wild character and picturesque costume of "the Brigands of the Mountains," among whose relatives and connections he passed several months. The striking and interesting work records precisely such an incident, of frequent occurrence, as the painter would have selected for its homeliness and truth.

The painting is highly wrought and elaborately finished. Exceeding care has been bestowed upon the most minute details, yet an ease and even boldness of style is apparent throughout, exhibiting the hand and mind of a master. The conception, arrangement, and execution of this comparatively small work are fully equal to the more ambitious productions of his pencil.

His entrance upon his career forms an era in the history of art in France; it was the advent of a departure from the frigidly classic style of David and his school, and a closer approximation to nature and truth. From the year when the first painting of Leopold Robert was exhibited may be dated a beneficial change in the periodical display at the Louvre, and the creation of a more natural taste.

THE ECCENTRIC POET.

You shall perceive him dive his hand into his pocket; he would insinuate by this, and have you infer, that he has money, but no such thing is

there: it were as hopeful to expect that the collision of two flakes of snow would make a jingle, as hope to hear the sound of one shilling duetting it with another. The hand went in empty, and it came out so; and though he buttons up that pocket so carefully, there is nothing in it—it is as farthingless as a poor's-box.

About two you shall perceive him picking his teeth with the worn-down stump of a pen that has written you, in its time, half a dozen odes "To the Scornful Norma," who proves to be his landlady, a fat and fifty-year-old lady; a folio of poems upon Fortune and Hope, Charity and Independence; odes "On Retirement," composed in the seclusion of his back-garret; with some hundred sonnets to and on ruins, woods, forests, hills, castles, rivers, streamlets, and lakes, the "overflowings of his mind," and ten sonnets on a water-fall, written to the overflowings of his landlady's water-butt; a hundred extempores, (each one produced after a long November night's labor;) a dozen of dedication-asking letters to beggarly noblemen, by which he netted a clear profit of twenty kicks on his unseated seat of honor, thirty door-shuttings in his face, and a French half-crown insinuated into his pocket by a sentimental fat servant at a great man's door, who proved to be more of a Mécenas than his master; besides plays, operas, and farces; and pamphlets on the easiest mode of paying off the national debt, written when he was dunned for two-pence, an arrear in an account of three-pence due to his milk-man.

Now you would suppose this picking of teeth indicated his having dined: no such thing; he picks them that he may remind you to remark, "What, you have dined?" upon which he promptly answers, "No, only lunched;" that is, he has eaten a gooseberry. You cannot choose but have him to dinner; and then you learn by the state of his appetite that he has breakfasted with the Lord-knows-who.

He says little during dinner: he allows that there was an appetite-provoking air abroad that morning; and when he give over eating, which is a very protracted operation, remarks, to prevent your doing it, "I don't know when I ate a heartier dinner;" neither does he, unless you can tell him when he last dined with you, or where he dined the day before.

For his wit, which savors of the true attic, it comes in with salt, but is broached with the wine. He denies that beef is "a sore spoiler of your wit." He is witty because it is expected of him: but his wit is, at first, rather disagreeable and bitter; it is like *sauce piquante* to your wine, and an olive to your meat. Like wormwood, however, the more you have of it, the less you dislike it, and you at last palate it. He takes care to say as many brilliant things as the dullards, his auditors, will be a week in retailing as their own; the Mr. Smiths take all he says on books and women as their share; and the Mrs. Smiths all he says on men as theirs.

For his suit, you instantly know it to be the livery of those elderly maiden ladies the Muses, to whose suite he is attached, *con amore*. His coat, once black, is, through long exposure, of a dun color—the most disagreeable of all complexions to the eye of a poet. All things change!

Its white button-moulds were once snugly enveloped in dark drab; but, after much struggling, they have at last protruded themselves to public notice: and as they more or less show their bony circumferences, remind us of the moon in her various quarters or phases. For the rest of his suit it is suitable; and is in what painters call "keeping" with what I have just described. Most likely his stockings are of a rusty, mouse-colored black; and his shoes are very like to be less brilliant than his head. Day and Martin might, indeed, sneer at their poverty of polish, and bless their stars that brilliant blacking is a more saleable commodity than wit. Yet he continues a faithful and most devoted servant of the muses, though his whole volume of man is ill-bound, however well-lettered; and his morning-gown is illuminated like an old missile, and as full of squares and diamonds as an old-fashioned window: indeed, the patches on it are so numerous, that, like Malone's Shakspeare, you cannot find the original text for the notes.

His lodging is as high as his circumstances are low; its furniture will be hard to describe, seeing that it has none. His bed is a trundle one; he reconciles its poverty to himself—indeed he considers it poetical, for he remembers that that choice spirit, Mercutio, preferred his trundle to a field bed. It lies immediately beneath a window that looks as much like a chess-board as a window—one pane being white, and giving as much light as its unclean dinginess will allow; and the next black (or blocked up): the net-work of a cobweb serves as a ventilator in one corner, and Baxter's "Light to the Unconverted" darkens the skylight. He has a chair *sans* back; and a deal table, a deal too large for the most unscanted meal ever spread on it by its present possessor. Then he has a corner cup-board, "more for ornament than use;" an old-fashioned, lacquered, and guilt thing, like an ancient lord-mayor's coach, containing in its compartments, two views of Chinese pagodas, with mandarins walking over the heads of each other—temples standing under bridges, and boats going over dry-ground, the gilding nearly gone. Its non-contents are too numerous to mention; but its contents are—one plate and two-thirds of another, both very dusty from disuse; two or three rusty odd knives and forks usually short in one prong; one cracked bason, a cream jug minus handle, and a teapot *sans* nose.

The walls of his attic are not without their ornaments. On one side you may perceive some half-dozen ballads and "last words of notorious malefactors," pasted immovable against the once white-washed wall by the last tenant, a son of St. Crispin, since hanged; on another side is the portrait of that most celebrated of all celebrated horses, Skewball, the decoration of a previous tenant, a groom out of place. Over the fireplace is a portrait of Shakspeare, framed, but not glazed; in summer, after you have succeeded in brushing off the flies, to gain a look at it, you would suppose it to be a dot engraving, but it is really an aquatint, the dotting is the work of Messieurs the Flies. He had till lately an old bust of "one John Milton, a blind man, who wrote a long poem;" said Milton has since accidentally lost his nose as well as his eyes; but he consoles himself

with his still resembling a poet, and calls it Da-venant. A bust of Sappho stands in a nook by his bed-side; it was a long time draped by a thick, broad, black cobweb, which having fallen (for cobwebs as well as kingdoms must fall) upon her temples, she has now not taken the veil, but has had it bestowed upon her.

His library consists of many odd things and much literary lumber. The blank leaf of a copy of the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," is very appropriately filled with a journal of the same, some of long standing and large amount, contracted before he was known to be a poet, (for who would trust a known poet?)—his later debts are trifling, and are kept on the back of the title-page.

A copy of the "Castle of Indolence" is much dog's-eared and grease-spotted, as if from repeatedly going to sleep over the second canto, which seems to have inspired the indolence it deprecates; the first canto is respectably clean, and its beauties are carefully underlined. A copy of the same author's poem on "Liberty," with MS. annotations, appears to have beguiled the slow hours while he lodged in the Fleet. Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination" is much thumbed and read. The covers, titles, and preface of Blackmore's short poem, "The Creation," the title bearing this motto, "Let there be light, and there was light,"—the poem gone—seems to have been torn up for kindling his lamp; for he burns oil, as he considers it classical—his real motive is economy. Phillips's "Splendid Shilling" (the only one he is at times possessed of) is in a very worn and depreciated state, and not worth sixpence. Shakspeare's Works are in eight volumes of eight various editions. "Paradise Lost" was borrowed by a money-getting relation; and "Paradise Regained" was mortgaged for a beef-steak at Dolly's chop-house: so that he says, "Paradise Lost" cannot be *regained*, and "Paradise Regained" is *lost*. The "Wealth of Nations" he made over to a wandering Jew-clothier, one of the tribe of Gad, for a pair of appendages to his braces; and a small stereotyped Spenser was, at the same time, transmuted into a great coat. Most of his valuable works may be found in the before-mentioned relative's library, who, as he is merely a moneyed man, and not a poet, estimates the value of everything by its appearance (the way of the world);

"For what's the worth of anything,
But just so much as it will bring."

For a long time our poet was afflicted with Bibliomania; and during that period all his talk, and even his dreams, were of Caxton and Wynkin de Worde. He could not buy rare books, but he could purchase priced catalogues of those which had been sold; and though his extravagance was sometimes bounded by his means, he never could resist purchasing a catalogue for ten shillings, even when his ten toes were covetous of its Russia-binding, for a cover to their seminudity. He was at length known by the distinguishing appellation of the Cat-(or catalogue)-hunter. He was sometimes told that he had more *Cats*. than caught mice, yet he went on with his hobby. At last he discovered that he had really more catalogues than books; this gave the alarm to his literary pride, and partially cured him of

his folly. Yet even now he is a more inveterate stall-hunter than any I-would-be-prebend in the three kingdoms: but a book-stall is his game; he'll scent you one half a mile; and when he has run it down, will nose it (from near-sightedness) for an hour or two before you can call him off, till he is as black in the hands (if not in the face) as a whitesmith. He has, indeed, an instinctive faculty of tracing out a book-stall: the musty smell of an old Caxton is sweeter to his nose than the scent of roses; and a peep into a soiled "Mirror for Magistrates" more picturesque than the Norfolk window of stained glass.

Such are some of the eccentricities and whimsicalities of a man of undoubted genius.

~~~~~ SPRING.

SWEET is thy coming, Spring! and as I pass
Thy hedge-rows, where from the half-naked spray
Peeps the sweet bud, and 'mid the dewy grass
The tufted primrose opens to the day:
My spirits light and pure confess thy power
Of balmy influence: there is not a tree
That whispers to the warm noon breeze; nor flower
Whose bell the dew-drop holds, but yields to me
Predestinings of joy: oh, heavenly sweet
Illusion! that the sadly pensive breast
Can for a moment from itself retreat
To outward pleasantness, and be at rest:
While sun, and fields, and air, the sense have wrought
Of pleasure and content, in spite of thought!

~~~~~ AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

For the particulars of the following incidents I am indebted to Mr. Grimes, an elder in the church of Lower Buffalo. I have hastily penned them, hoping that they might please and profit our readers.

Our story will carry the reader back a little more than fifty years, when all north of the Ohio river was an almost unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side a bold and hardy band from beyond the mountains had built their log cabins and were trying to subdue the wilderness.

To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, and kill and scalp any victim who came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on the Sabbath met in the grove of the rude log church to hear the word of God with their rifles in their hands.

To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his paternal home east of the mountains. He, it was said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela river. He settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of the Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, proposing to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people.

Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid.

Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents in cash. Even their salt had to be brought over the mountains on pack horses—was worth eight dollars a bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat were often given for one of salt.

The time came when the last payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm. Three years' salary was now due from his people.

For the want of this his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people must be abandoned. The people were called together and the case laid before them. They were greatly moved. Counsel from on high was sought. Plan after plan was proposed and abandoned. The congregations were unable to pay the tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed.

In despair they adjourned to meet again the following week. In the meantime it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore who owned the only mill in the country, would grind for them wheat on moderate terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill. Some gave fifty bushels, and some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty-six miles on horses to the mill.

In a month word came back that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer, the question was asked, who will run the flour to New Orleans? This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme. Months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate. Nearly all the way was a wilderness; and gloomy tales had been told of the treacherous Indian. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey and came back no more.

Who then would endure the toil and brave the danger? None volunteered. The young shrunk back, and the middle aged had their excuse. Their last scheme seemed likely to fail. At length a hoary headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age arose, and, to the astonishment of the assembly, said, "Here am I, send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated elder thus devote himself for their good melted them all to tears. They gather around old father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor, he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced by hope of a large reward to go as his assistants.

A day was appointed for starting. The young and old from far and near, from love to father Smiley, and their deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, and with their pastor at their head, came down from the church, fifteen miles away, to the bank of the river, to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered by their pastor. A parting hymn was sung. "There," said the old Scotchman, "untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done and the boat floated slowly away.

More than nine months passed, and no word

came back from father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what had been his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came. The people came together for worship, and there on his rude bench, before the preacher, sat father Smiley. After the services, the people were requested to meet early in the week and hear the report. All came again.

After thanks had been rendered to God for his safe return, father Smiley arose and told his story. The Lord had prospered his mission; he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars a barrel, and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse, and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each a hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charges.

He meekly replied, that he thought he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused to receive till the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money, there was found enough to pay what was due to Mr. S.—to advance his salary for the year to come—to reward father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and then to leave a large dividend for each contribution. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while he lived he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder, I believe, have long reposed in the same churchyard, but a grateful posterity still tells this pleasing story of the past.

J. W. MILLER.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Two young men, one with a black leather cap on his head, and military buttons on his coat, sat in close conversation about six months ago, in the bar room of the — hotel. The subject that occupied their attention seemed to be an exciting one, at least to him of the military buttons and black cap, for he emphasised strongly, knit his brows awfully and at last went so far as to swear a terrible oath.

"Don't permit yourself to get excited, Tom," interposed the friend. "It won't help the matter at all."

"But I've got no patience."

"Then it's time you had some," coolly returned the friend. "If you intend pushing your way into the good graces of my lady Mary Clinton, you must do something more than fume and swear about the little matter of rivalry that has sprung up."

"Yes; but to think of a poor milk sop of an author!—bah! scribbler!—to think, I say, of a spiritless creature like Blake thrusting himself in between me and such a girl as Mary Clinton; and worse, gaining her notice, is too bad! He has sonneted her eyebrows, no doubt—flattered her in verse, until she does not know who or where she is—and in this way become a formidable rival. But I won't bear it, I'll—I'll—"

"What will you do?"

"Do? I'll—I'll wing him! That's what I'll do. I'll challenge the puppy and shoot him!"

And the young lieutenant, for such he was, flourished his right arm *a la duello*, and looked pistol balls and death.

"But he won't fight, Tom."

"Won't he?" And the lieutenant's face brightened. "Then I'll post him for a coward! That'll finish him. All women hate cowards. I'll post him—yes, and cowskin him into the bargain if necessary."

"Posting will do," half sarcastically replied the friend. "But on what pretence will you challenge him?"

"I'll make one. I'll insult him the first time I meet him, and then, if he says anything, challenge him?"

"That would be quite gentlemanly—quite according to the code of honor," returned the friend quietly.

The young military gentleman we have introduced was named Redmond. The reader has already penetrated his character. In person he was quite good looking, though not the Adonis he deemed himself. He had fallen deeply in love with the "acres of charms" possessed by a certain Miss Mary Clinton, and was making rapid inroads upon her heart—at least he thought so—when a young man, well known in the literary circles, made his appearance, and was received with a degree of favor that confounded the officer, who had already begun to think himself sure of his prize. Blake had a much readier tongue, and a good deal more in his head than the other, and could therefore, in the matter of mind at least, appear to much better advantage than his rival. He had also written and published one or two popular books. This gave him a standing as an author. Take him all in all, he was a rival to be feared, and Redmond was not long in making the discovery. What was to be done? A military man must not be beaten off by a mere civilian. The rival must be gotten off in some way. The professional means was, as has been seen, thought of first. Blake must be challenged and killed off; and then the course would be clear.

A few days after this brave and honorable determination the officer met the author in a public place and purposely jostled him rudely. Blake said nothing, thinking it possible that it might have been only an accident. But he remained near Redmond, to give him a chance to repeat the insult, if such had been his intention. It was not long before the author was again jostled in a still ruder manner than before, at the same time that some offensive word was muttered by the officer. This was in the presence of a number of persons, who could not help hearing, seeing and understanding all. Satisfied that an insult was intended, Blake looked him in the face for a moment, and then asked, loud enough to be heard all around—

"Did you jostle me intentionally?"

"I did!" was the angry retort.

"Gentlemen never do such things."

As Blake said this, with marked emphasis, he looked steadily in the officer's face.

"You'll hear from me, sir."

And as the officer said this menacingly, he turned and walked away with quite a military air.

"There's trouble for you now, Blake. He'll

challenge you!" said two or three friends who instantly gathered round him.

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly. He's an officer. Fighting's his trade."

"Well, let him."

"What'll you do?"

"Accept his challenge, of course."

"And fight him?"

"Certainly."

"He'll shoot you."

"I'm not afraid."

Blake returned with a friend to his lodgings, where he found a billet already from Redmond, who was all eagerness to "wing" his rival.

On the next morning, two friends of the belligerents were closeted for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of the first.

"The weapon?" asked the friend of the military man. "Your principal, by the laws of honor, has the choice; as, also, the right to name time, place, etc."

"Yes, I understand. All that is settled."

"He will fight, then?"

"Fight? Oh, certainly. Blake's no coward."

"Well, then, name the weapons."

"A pair of good goose quills."

"Sir!" in profound astonishment.

"The weapons are to be a pair of good Russia quills, opaque, manufactured into pens of approved quality. The place of meeting, the — Gazette; the time, to-morrow morning, bright and early."

"Do you mean to insult me?" This was said with sternness.

"By no means."

"You cannot be serious?"

"Never was more so in my life. By the code of honor, the challenged party has a right to choose weapons, place of meeting, and time, is not that so?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Your principal has challenged mine. All these rights are of course his; and he is justified in choosing those weapons with which he is most familiar. The weapon he can use the best is the pen; and he chooses that. If Lieutenant Redmond had been the challenged party, he would, of course, have named pistols, with which he is familiar, and Mr. Blake would have been called a coward, a poltroon, or something as bad, if, after sending a challenge, he had objected to the weapons. Will your principal find himself in any different position if he declines this meeting upon like grounds? I think not. Pens are as good as pistols, at any time, and will do as good execution."

"Fighting with pens! Preposterous!"

"Not quite as preposterous as you might think. Mr. Blake has more than insinuated that Redmond's no gentleman. For this he is challenged to a single combat that is to prove him to be either a gentleman or not one. Surely the most sensible weapon with which to do this is the pen. Pistols won't demonstrate this matter. Only the pen can do it. So the pen is chosen. In the — Gazette of to-morrow morning my friend stands ready to prove your friend no gentleman. Let him stand on the defensive, and prove that he is a gentleman, and that a gentleman has the

right to insult publicly and without provocation, whosoever he pleases. Depend upon it, you will find this quite as serious an affair as if pistols were used."

"I did not come here, sir, to be trifled with."

"No trifling in the matter at all. I am in sober earnest. Pens are the weapons. The — Gazette the battle ground. Time early as you please to-morrow morning. Are you prepared for the meeting."

"No."

"Do you understand the consequences?"

"What consequences?"

"Your principal will be posted as a coward before night."

"Are you mad?"

"No. Cool and in earnest. We fully understand what we are about."

The officer's second was non-plussed. He did not know what to say or think. He was not prepared for such a position of affairs.

"I'll see you in the course of an hour," he at last said, rising.

"Very well. You will find me here."

"Is all settled?" asked the valiant lieutenant, as his second came into the room at the hotel, where he was pacing the floor.

"Settled? No! Nor like to be. I objected to the weapons, and, indeed, the whole proposed arrangement."

"Objected to the weapons! And pray what did he name? A blunderbuss?"

"No, nor a duck gun with a trumpet muzzle. But an infernal pen!"

"A what?"

"Why, curse the fellow, a pen! You are to use pens—the place of meeting, the — Gazette—time, to-morrow morning. He is to prove that you are no gentleman, and you are to prove that you are one, and that a gentleman is at all times privileged to insult whomsoever he pleases without provocation."

"He's a cowardly fool!"

"If the terms are not accepted, he threatens to post you for a coward to-night."

"What!"

"You must accept or be posted. Think of that!"

The precise terms in which the principal swore, and the manner in which he fumed for the next five minutes need not be told. He was called back to more sober feelings by the question—

"Do you accept the terms of the meeting?"

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"Then you consent to be posted. How will that sound?"

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"I know."

"And you are afraid to meet the man you

have challenged upon the terms he proposes. That is all plain and simple enough. The world will understand it all."

"But what is to be done?"

"You must fight, apologize, or be posted. There is no alternative. To be posted won't do. The laugh would be too strongly against you."

"It will be as bad, or even worse, to fight as he proposes."

"True. What then?"

"It must be made up some how or other."

"So I think. Will you write an apology?"

"I don't know. That's too humiliating."

"It's the best of three evils."

So at last thought the valiant Lieutenant Redmon. When the seconds again met, it was to arrange a settlement of the difference. This could only be done by a very humbly written apology, which was made. On the next day the young officer left the city, a little wiser than when he came. Blake and his second said but little of the matter. A few choice friends were let into the secret, which afforded many a hearty laugh. Among these friends was Mary Clinton, who not long after gave her hand and heart to the redoubtable author.

As for the lieutenant, he swears that he would as leave come in contact with a Paixhan gun as an author with his "infernal pen;" he understands pistols, small swords, rifles, and even cannons, but he can't stand up when "pen work" is the order of the day. The odds would be too much against him.

THE MUSICIAN'S WIDOW.

LINTON, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent-Garden theatre, was murdered by street robbers, who were afterward discovered and executed. A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children; and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

For the Benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.

"The widow," said Charity, whispering me in the ear, "must have your mite; wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box-ticket."

"You may have one for five shillings," observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and thumb, slipped out.

"Yes," said I, "she shall have my five shillings."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Justice, "what are you about? Five shillings! If you pay but five shillings for going into the theatre, then you get value received for your money."

"And shall I owe him no thanks," added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the widow's house.

Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw Avarice turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in my hand.

"Is your mother at home, my dear?" said I, to a child who conducted me into a parlor.

"Yes," answered the infant; "but my father has not been at home for a great while. That is his harpsichord, and that is his violin, he used to play on them for me."

"Shall I play you a tune, my boy?" said I.

"No, Sir," answered the boy, "my mother will not let them be touched; for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry."

I looked on the violin—it was unstrung.

I touched the harpsichord—it was out of tune.

Had the lyre of Orpheus sounded in my ear, it could not have insinuated to my heart thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt.

It was the spirit in unison with the flesh.

"I hear my mother on the stairs," said the boy.

I shook him by the hand—"Give her this, my lad," said I, and left the house.

It rained—I called a coach—drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We have received from Harper & Brothers numbers 45, 46, 47, 48 of their superb illuminated and illustrated Shakers. The artistic and mechanical skill of this work could hardly be excelled.

Also, number 24 of the Illuminated and Pictorial Bible, the most elegant work of the kind ever before attempted in this country.

Also, James's popular and highly interesting novel of the "Man-at-Arms," being number 7 of the Pocket Edition of Select Novels.

Also, a new work, translated from the German of Zschokke, entitled "Veronica, or the Free Court of Aarau."

From H. G. Daggers, 30 Ann street, a very rare, valuable, and highly interesting work, entitled "The Apocryphal New Testament," being all the gospels, epistles, and other pieces now extant, attributed in the first four centuries to Jesus Christ, his apostles, and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. This work is now first collected into one volume, with prefaces and tables, and various notes and references. He who has this and the New Testament, has, in the two volumes, a collection of all the historical records relative to Christ and his apostles, now in existence, and considered sacred by Christians during the first four centuries. The volume contains twenty-five books, which by the Nicene Council were declared to be canonical.

From the same publisher we have received a copy of the British Ballads, edited by S. C. Hall. This is a gem of a book and should be in the library of every person that pretends to read at all.

We have also received Graham's Magazine for May, with superb illustrations, and filled with choice articles from our most popular writers. This is the very best of all the monthlies.

Also, the Columbian Magazine, for May, with two very fine plates. The literary matter of this number is excellent.

The Rover gives four elegant steel plates a month, and four highly finished wood engravings, nearly twice the reading matter as the monthlies, besides having the advantage of coming to hand every week.

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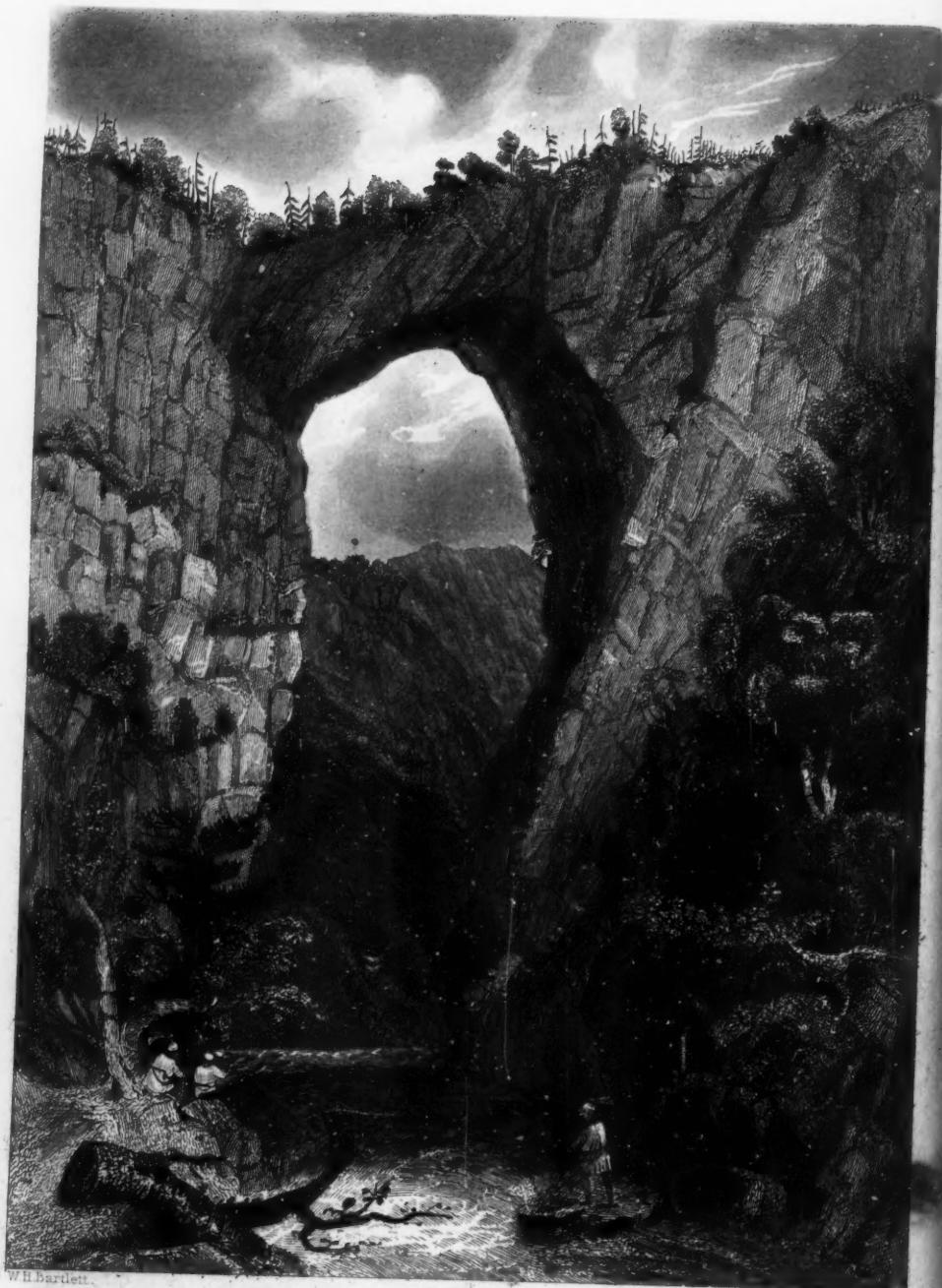
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W.H. Bartlett.

A.L. Dick.

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

Engraved for the River a Dollar Weekly Magazine

